

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION. AWAIT THE POSTMAN.

People Who Watch for Letter-Carriers
on Fifth Avenue and Cherry Hill.

Missives of Love, of Cheer, of
Fate, Eagerly Greeted.

Daily Rounds of Faithful, Tireless,
Underpaid Public Servants.

Let him who has regarded the lot of
the postman as one of livery, wages and
ease forever dismiss the illusion.

"I would rather be a coal miner or
work in a diving-bell, or go on a lifetime
exploration to the North Pole than carry
this bag, tramp these streets, climb these
stairs, stand this impudence, ask and an-
swer these million questions, support this
responsibility and face those exactions
imposed by superiors who have behind
them a regiment of willing hands to take
my place."

As soon as the inmates espied the man
in gray there was a general rush to cell
doors, and pale, haggard faces were
pressed against the bars. No one spoke.
Hope and expectation were depicted on
every countenance, and the question,
"Is it for me?" the expression of every
eye. The registered parcel contained some-
thing of importance, and the recipient
passed by in silence and made no
response to the mute query.

The registered parcel contained money.
It brought joy and happiness to the
recipient—sorrow to his fellow-unfortun-
ates, because their friends had not
thought of them, not even to write them
a line.

"I pity these poor fellows," remarked
the reporter's companion. "They look,
indeed, as if they had lost every friend in
the world, and they feel as they look, no
doubt."

Quite different was the behavior of a
young woman who lives in the Goliath of
tenement-houses, seven stories high, a
few doors above the jail. A shrill whistle
of the man of letters brought her to the
landing flying.

"Nothing for me?" she chirruped
sweetly.
"No, he didn't write to you to-day,"
was the reply, accompanied by a sly wink
at the reporter.

"Well, I don't care. I ain't worrying
a bit. If he won't write to me somebody
else will. I never suffer for the want of
letters."

"That's true, she gets plenty of them,"
explained the reporter, as he hurried across
the busy street and up a steep stoop into
a dark, ill-smelling tenement, "but she is
disappointed, nevertheless. The youth
who writes to her daily in violet
ink on sweet-scented paper misleads some-
how to-day. She knows just when I'm
down here with the first afternoon mail—
his letters always come in that—and the
youth makes a side for the loving
missive wins her fortune as a base-
runner."

The work of the postman is hard—
in the light of his wages, severely
hard—but there is so much of the light
and humor of life in its course that the
lot of Uncle Sam's letter-carriers, while
not exactly a happy one, cannot be called
wretched.

The reporter first went to Postmaster
Van Cott, and from him by gradations
reached Superintendent of City Delivery
Morgan, who, upon presentation of the
case, issued the order that permitted the
reporter to accompany the carriers on their
rounds.

The first trip was made in a tenement-
house district in the jurisdiction of Station
B, at No. 380 Grand street, known as
Route 13, comprising the area covered by
Essex, Ludlow and Orchard streets and
the intersecting streets from Grand to
Houston.

These are three carriers who make alter-

"NOTHING FOR ME?"
nate deliveries on this route. One of
them, M. Lehrberger, the reporter ac-
companied.

This agent of Uncle Sam is about forty
years of age, and has carried the mail in
his district for seventeen years. He is a
linguist in so far that he has practical
command of English, German, Polish and
Russian. A man of his lingual versatility
is required in this district, where all
these nationalities are heavily represented.

Lehrberger also has the stout legs and
the strong lungs that the position de-
mands. It requires a strong walk to one
thousand places with more or less climb-
ing of stairs, a continuous exercise of
lung power in shouting out names and
much wear and tear of shoe-leather.

Uncle Sam is a hard task master with
his letter-carriers and expects a good deal
for his money. He pays a regular carrier
\$60 the first year, \$1,000 and no more
thereafter.

While Lehrberger was explaining these
details the bell sounded as a signal for

the route men to start, and they all filed
out, Indian fashion, in review of Supt.
Ferdinand Dreyer.

"We begin," said Lehrberger, as he
reached Ludlow street jail and rang the
prison bell.

"I was on this route when Boss Tweed
was in here. I used to bring all Tweed's
mail and that of many other men, more
or less distinguished, who have been in
enforced retirement at this retreat since
then."

"I never go inside except when I have
a registered letter for someone, which
must be delivered to the person ad-
dressed, according to our rules and regu-
lations."

On this occasion there was a registered
letter for one of the prisoners. The re-
porter accompanied Lehrberger to the
man's cell on one of the upper tiers.

"This," said he, "is the building
which has been set on fire so often. Over
one hundred and fifty people live here."
He blew his whistle and a score of heads
popped out of as many windows, each
eagerly listening to the name he called.
There was only one letter, and the win-
dows were slammed down hard as if the
disappointed ones were angry at the post-
man, who remarked:

"People often get mad at us if we don't
bring them a letter when they expect one,
as if we were responsible for the delay."

"Here's a name," he continued, show-
ing a letter, "that I can't make out, and
I can read almost as well as you. I can only
decipher the street and number. I know
that a man living there gets letters from
the place from which this is postmarked,
and I deliver them to him."

No one but a Post-Office expert would
have made anything out of the writing on
the envelope except a droll of ink.

Two hours had passed when Houston
street was reached and the last letter deliv-
ered.

"This was a particularly light mail,"
stated Lehrberger. "Still, I had plenty
to do. They have it much easier in the
fashionable districts uptown, where they
don't do so much stair-climbing and
shouting. There are in every house ser-
vants, who enter by the door, 'You are
not kept waiting and a delivery is made
much quicker.'"

No upriver the reporter went "to do,"
a fashionable district. Supt. Ten Eyck,
of Station E, Twenty-eighth street and
Seventh avenue, at once sent him out
with Carter John Griffin, whose route is
thirty-fourth street, from Fifth to
Tenth avenue, and which includes the
residences of the Astors and many others
of the 400.

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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1890.

300 INDIAN DEAD. BLEED'S RELEASE

Bloody Penalty for the Treachery of
Chief Big Foot. The Wind-Up of a Sensational As-
sault Case.

Details of the Seventh Cavalry's
Battle with the Redskins. Affidavits That Contradict Those
on Which He Was Indicted.

Capt. Wallace, of K Troop, Fell
Under a Tomahawk's Blow.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—Advises received by
the Commissioner of Indian Affairs this morn-
ing from Agent Royer, of the Pine Ridge
Agency, state that about three hundred Indians
were killed in the conflict with the Seventh
Cavalry troops, precipitated yesterday
through the treachery of Big Foot and his
braves.

The dispatches also relate that Two Strike
and his party opened fire on the agency from
the hill-tops and wounded two soldiers.
Two hostiles were killed by the return fire of
the Indian police.

Big Foot, Two Strike, Slow Bear and Kick-
ing Bear are actively stirring up trouble.
CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—An Omaha Bee special
from the camp on Wounded Knee Creek, S. D.,
gives the following story of yesterday's events
in the disturbed Indian country:

"The remaining troops of the Seventh
Cavalry arrived from Pine Ridge Agency at 9
o'clock Sunday night.
"At 8 o'clock morning, Gen. Forsythe
issued orders to have the 150 male Indians
who had been prisoners called from the tepees,
saying he wanted to talk to them.

"They obeyed slowly and sullenly and
ranged in a semicircle in front of the tent
where Big Foot, their chief, lay sick with
pneumonia. By twenties they were ordered
to give up their arms. The first twenty went
to their tents and came back with only two
guns.

This irritated Major Whitesides, who was
superintending this part of the work. After
a hasty consultation with Gen. Forsythe, he
gave the order to search the tepees, who were
all disarmed and formed in a square about
twenty-five paces back, to close in.

"They did so and took a stand within thirty
feet of the Indians. When this was done, a
detachment of cavalrymen was sent to search
the tepees. About sixty guns were found, but
while they were going on the warriors held
an incantation over the arms.

"The tepees having been gone through, an
order was given to search the warriors. After
a dozen of them had been searched, the rest
suddenly began pouring bullets into the ranks
of the soldiers who, a few minutes before, had
moved up within almost gun length.

"Those Indians who had no guns rushed on
the soldiers with tomahawks in one hand and
scalping knives in the other. It was a most
horrible rush.

"The first Indian volley was fired almost
as one man, so that they must have fired a
hundred shots before the soldiers fired one; but
now they were slaughtered after their first
volley.

"Some succeeded in getting through the
lines and away to the hills. The firing lasted
half an hour, and even now Hotchkiss guns
are pouring shots into the gulleys to the north,
where a few of the Indians have taken refuge.

"The list of dead and wounded among the
soldiers, as far as can be ascertained, is as
follows:

THE DEAD.
Wallace, Capt. George D., commander K
Troop.
Cook, private, B Troop.

THE WOUNDED.
Chapman, Rev. Father, Catholic priest, mortally.
Lewis, Frank, private, B Troop.
Stoner, private, K Troop.
Smith, E. private, K Troop.
Clifton, Corp., K Troop.
Towner, David, Hazelwood, Private, A Troop.
Garlington, Lieut., A Troop.
Harris, Serg., A Troop.
Wells, P. F., Interpreter, A Troop.
Kiefer, Lieut., A Troop.
Hudson, James, Drummer, A Troop, mortally.
Cammell, sergeant, A Troop.
Sexton, private, A Troop.
Dyer, sergeant, K Troop.
Pentecost, G. private, K Troop.
Edwards, George, private, K Troop.
Ward, Serg., B Troop.
Hutchinson, Serg., K Troop; mortally.
Hitt, private, A Troop.
Cook, A. A Troop.
Newell, Corp., B Troop.
Twenty-five or more other soldiers are
wounded, some of whom will probably die.

Capt. Wallace's fatal wound was in the fore-
head, inflicted by a tomahawk.

PARNELL AND O'BRIEN MEET.

In Conference at Boulogne, as Yet
with No Result.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)
LONDON, Dec. 30.—Parnell and O'Brien met
at Boulogne to-day.

It is not known whether the conference had
any positive result.

Information comes from those on the ground
that Parnell suggested to O'Brien that the
Irish Home Rule members of the House meet
again in 1901 when Parliament reassembles,
and for form's sake re-elect him Chair-
man.

He (Parnell) would then retire until after the
next general election.

It is reported that they insist on a pledge
from Gladstone that he carry out his policy,
when he (Parnell) would retire altogether.

Mr. O'Brien is represented to have appeared
to be perplexed, to have sought to postpone an
answer, saying the conference was a private
one and he must consult his colleagues.

It is reported that when he came to confer
with the members on the propositions made by
Mr. Parnell he found them unable to agree.

Such was the situation at the latest moment
this afternoon, when Boulogne was heard
from.

An Eye for Next Year's Census.
President Wilson, of the Board of Health,
asked the Board of Estimate to-day for an
appropriation of \$40,000 for taking the census
of the city in 1901. The amount of \$40,000 is
for clerical hire and the balance for sub-
scriptions.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

No. 3.

JAY GOULD—Turn over a new leaf? Oh, dear, no! Why, the
thing works very nicely—if the stupid public could only see it from
my point of view.



JAY GOULD—Turn over a new leaf? Oh, dear, no! Why, the
thing works very nicely—if the stupid public could only see it from
my point of view.

under arrest. I admit we were intimate at one
time, but so were other men. I don't want to
say anything more."

In moving for Policeman Bleo's dismissal
yesterday, Mr. Parker based his motion upon
five affidavits, two of which were made re-
spectively by Policeman Bleo and Johanna
Young, the girl who charges him with assault-
ing and striking her. The other three af-
fidavits are sworn to by Philip J. Kunis, a West
Washington Market poultry dealer, living at
181 Ridge street; Edward Coogan, a lumber
dealer, of 40 East Houston street; and Henry
Gill, a salesman, of 304 East Thirty-fourth
street.

The Assistant District-Attorney stated that
he had carefully examined the evidence in the
case, and had come to the conclusion that the
prosecution of the charges against Bleo had
been hasty, ill-advised and utterly without
foundation.

That the three last-named witnesses were
disinterested persons, who knew neither Bleo
nor the complainant at the time of the alleged
assault, but had merely happened to be in the
neighborhood at the time the disturbance oc-
curred. They swore that Bleo never struck
the girl at all, but that she was very violent,
and that he only used sufficient force to arrest
her after he had tried every means to induce
her to be quiet and let him alone.

In her own affidavit Miss Young admits that
she was very much excited at the time and that
she did wrong in accusing and abusing Bleo
in the street. She says that she did not strike
him intentionally, but that the handle of her hand
swung accidentally against his face, giving a
blow so light that she did not feel it at all. She
also declares that Bleo has never refused to
marry her or to carry out his promise to her to
do so.

Bleo's affidavit simply denies that he struck
the girl or assaulted her in any way, and that
he had used no influence in inducing the other
witnesses to make their affidavits.

Upon these representations Recorder Smyth
dismissed the indictments against Bleo and
discharged the bail of \$1,000 under which he
was placed when the indictment was found
against him on July 15 last.

From the affidavit yesterday, the only de-
flection that may be drawn is this: Police-
man Bleo was engaged to marry the
girl; that he was intimate with her, that she
annoyed him on post and that all he did was
to arrest her for disorderly conduct and
lock her up all night. At present there
is no tangible evidence, and the affair is
broken myself. On Thursday evening I de-
termined to see Jim once more and beg of him
to do me justice. He had intimated that
I might do so. I found him at
Seventh street and Avenue C, and he
was talking to another policeman. He ap-
peared annoyed when I spoke to him, but
said he was on post at Seventh street,
and if I would walk down a block or two he
could come and talk to me. I did as he bade
me and waited for some time, but as he did
not come I asked the policeman who was
patrolling there about Jim, and he told me
that Jim was on Avenue C.

"On the avenue I went down as
far as Houston street, where I met him. I
asked him why he had sent me down Seventh
street, and he laughed and told me to go away
and not bother him. I said I would not go
away.

"Jim," said I, "I don't deserve such
treatment from you. I may soon have to
leave home because you have mistreated me."
He laughed again, and told me a second
time to go away, adding that if I did
not stop troubling him he would make
things hot for me. Then he
started across Houston street, and I fol-
lowed. This made him very angry and he
glanced back. I again told him that he was
treating me very badly, and he again threat-
ened to do something to get rid of me. Up to
this time we were conversing in ordinary
tone, and no one seemed to be noticing us.
All of a sudden he turned and struck me in
the face with his hand. Then he raised his
club and beat me.

When Jim struck me with his club he
seized my arm and pulled me about. The
blows of the club hurt me terribly, and I sup-
pose I screamed, as any woman would if
clubbed as he had clubbed me. Then a
crowd collected, and he began dragging me
toward Houston street. I begged him to let
me go, but he kept hold of my arm and
dragged me along. The crowd followed, and
I only a few blocks away from the spot, and
he took me there and made a charge of dis-
orderly conduct against me, and I was locked
up all night. Jim took me down to the cell,
and when the iron door was locked behind me
he reminded me he had promised to make
things hot for me.

In substantiation of her statement the girl
showed a torn gown and a bruised body. Here
is Bleo's statement, made the same day:
"I arrested the girl because she was dis-
orderly and was making a great noise. She
constantly annoyed me while on duty, and I
told her she must keep away or I must put her

\$11,000 BY FORGERY.

Partner Livingston's Son Accused
of False Entries in the Books.

William A. Livingston, bookkeeper for the
firm of Keen & Livingston, the latter his
father, being the junior member of the firm,
was held in Harlem Court to-day on a charge
of forgery.

It is alleged that between Aug. 26, 1888, and
Nov. 21, 1889, the accused made eighteen false
entries in the books of the concern, the aggre-
gate amount being \$11,320.

Mr. Keen claims that by these false entries
he was swindled out of one-half the amount,
or \$5,660.

The prisoner furnished \$5,000 bail.

ANNIE OAKLEY DEAD.

Congestion of the Lungs Kills the
Championship Female Rifle Shot.

(SPECIAL CABLE NEWS ASSOCIATION.)
LONDON, Dec. 30.—Much regret is expressed
at the news of the death at Buenos Ayres of
congestion of the lungs, of Miss Annie Oakley,
the champion female rifle shot and one of the
most popular members of Buffalo Bill's Wild
West Show during its sojourn in London.

Murderer Eyraud's Death Sentence
May Be Commuted.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)
PARIS, Dec. 30.—The wife of Strangler
Eyraud has been granted a divorce.
This is taken as an indication that Eyraud's
death sentence will be commuted.

Colbron, Chauncey & Co.'s Schedules
The bankrupt brokerage firm of Colbron,
Chauncey & Co. filed schedules to-day stating
liabilities \$300,147.16. W. C. G. Weiting, as-
signee, will receive but \$10,000 of assets.

Useful Information.
To taste the Claret at their best, they
should be poured out carefully, or, better
still, decanted before serving, at room tem-
perature. Try J. Calvet & Co.'s Bordeaux and
Burgundy wines, for which F. de Bary & Co.,
55 Warren Street, are agents.

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.

EXTRA. CAVED IN

A Wall of Kohler's
Malt-House Buried
Many People.

Ambulances Called
from All the City
Hospitals.

Workmen Were Engaged Re-
pairing the Front.

No One Reported Killed—Many
Injured Taken to Bellevue.

At 5 o'clock this afternoon two fire alarms
were sounded from First avenue and Twenty-
ninth street.

It was followed by five ambulance calls.

Then came a general call for ambulances
from every hospital in the city.

The alarms were for Kohler's Old Malt-
House at First avenue and Twenty-ninth
street.

Workmen were busy shoring up the walls.
There was a great crash when the walls fell.

A great many persons are reported to be
hurt.

A large number of persons were taken to
Bellevue.

A great crowd of people surrounded the build-
ing.

It is now known that no one is killed.

Hook and ladder companies are at work on
the ruins.

Kohler's old malt house is a five-story build-
ing at Twenty-ninth street and First avenue.

It has been unoccupied for a long time.
It was being overhauled and a new front was
being put in.

Those Slippery "G" Stairs.
Frank Kaiser, of 318 West Forty-seventh
street, fell down the Elevated Railroad
at Eighth avenue and One Hundred and
Twenty-ninth street, early this morning, and
fractured his knee cap. He was taken to Man-
hattan Hospital.

Drowned at the White Star Dock.
Stephen Bunker, night watchman at the
White Star dock, pier 44, North River, reports
that a man fell overboard from the end of the
pier at 5:40 this morning and was drowned
before any effort could be made to save him.

The Quotations.

American Cotton Oil	16 1/2
American Harb. & Dock	100
Ach., Top. & Santa Fe	100
Adm. & Merc. Exch.	100
Adm. & Merc. Exch.	100
Canada Southern	100
Chesapeake & Ohio	100
Ches. & Ohio, 1st pfd.	100
Ches. & Ohio, 2d pfd.	100
Ches. Har. & Quincy	100
Ches. Har. & Quincy	100
Ches. Har. & Quincy	100
Ches. Har. & Quincy	100
Ches. Har. & Quincy	100
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